



# THE ACADEMY

## A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1766

MARCH 10, 1906

PRICE THREEPENCE

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## THE LITERARY WEEK

OUR census of Oxford and Cambridge poets may suggest a similar census of Oxford and Cambridge novelists. A few of the poets re-appear in the fiction lists, but that cannot be helped. Here are our parallel columns:

## OXFORD:

Samuel Johnson  
Thomas Day  
"Monk" Lewis  
Theodore Hook  
J. G. Lockhart  
Charles Reade  
T. A. Trollope  
Henry Kingsley  
Thomas Hughes  
Walter Pater  
R. D. Blackmore  
G. A. Lawrence ("Guy  
Livingstone")  
C. L. Dodgson ("Lewis  
Carroll")  
Andrew Lang  
W. H. Mallock  
Anthony Hope  
A. E. W. Mason  
Sir Herbert Maxwell  
A. T. Quiller-Couch  
Stanley Weyman  
Stephen Gwynn  
Francis Gribble  
E. H. Cooper

## CAMBRIDGE:

Laurence Sterne  
Horace Walpole  
Lord Lytton  
W. M. Thackeray  
Charles Kingsley  
Samuel Butler  
Sir Walter Besant  
James Rice  
F. W. Farrar  
S. Baring-Gould  
James Payn  
E. F. Benson  
R. C. Lehmann  
Egerton Castle  
Barry Pain  
E. H. Lacombe Watson  
Robert Machray  
Cutcliffe Hyne

The score is Oxford 23: Cambridge 18. In the fiction Tripos, as in the Poetical Tripos, Oxford has the numerical superiority. The names worthy to be placed in the first class are, we should say, those of Sterne, Thackeray, Reade, and Blackmore, perhaps in the order given, so that Cambridge takes the first and second and Oxford the third and fourth places. Our readers may classify the other names for themselves. We shall not be so invidious as to do so, as too many of them are the names of our contemporaries. It is to be noted, however, that other Universities have also brought forth novelists. The Edinburgh and Dublin lists may be set side by side:

## EDINBURGH:

Henry Mackenzie  
R. L. Stevenson  
J. M. Barrie  
Conan Doyle

## DUBLIN:

Jonathan Swift  
Oliver Goldsmith  
Charles Robert Maturin  
Charles Lever  
Sheridan Le Fanu

The Dublin list is the longer and stronger of the two. Swift and Goldsmith must certainly be awarded firsts. It is doubtful whether, south of the Tweed, the same distinction will be felt to be due to any of the Scotsmen enumerated. On the Glasgow list there are three names: those of Dr. John Moore, Michael Scott (author of "Tom Cringle's Log"), and "Benjamin Swift." Aberdeen can boast of George Macdonald, and Durham of Edward Bradley ("Cuthbert Bede"). Some of the Oxford and Cambridge men also have their names on the books of some Scottish University, but that fact has been ignored

in the compilation of the lists on the ground that the greater contains the less.

A list of non-University novelists would probably be more distinguished than all the other lists put together. It would, at any rate, include Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, Scott, Dickens, Disraeli, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Hardy, and Mr. Kipling, as well as Mesdames Jane Austen, George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë; and the question naturally arises whether irregular methods of education are not, for novelists, the best. The University man certainly has a good deal to live down before he is likely to be very successful, for broad humanity is not a characteristic of the academic point of view. As a consequence it is the non-University novelist who makes his mark in early youth. Dickens, Disraeli, and Mr. Zangwill are examples. But the University novelist, though he arrives later, often comes to stay; and his work generally has good qualities of its own for which his University training is to be thanked.

This point is usually made by a comparison of Dickens and Thackeray; the University man here has admittedly more sense of style, more distinction, and more restraint. A more instructive comparison might, however, be that between Dickens and Besant. There never were two writers who, fundamentally, had more in common. They both inclined to humour and pathos of the broader and more obvious sort; they both delighted in writing with a philanthropic purpose; they both had a keen eye for the observation of external oddities. It may almost be said that Besant modelled himself on Dickens and learnt characterisation from him. But, the University having intervened, he observes different things, and observes them from a different standpoint; and the fact that his natural genius was less does not affect the argument. The reproach is constantly levelled at Dickens that he could not draw a gentleman or a lady. At any rate he seems to regard them as purely comic characters, and generally gives them comic names—Sir Mulberry Hawk, for instance. Even when their hearts are in the right place, they are eccentric—we are thinking of the brothers Cheeryble. They are either observed from a distance, or else they are invented. But where Dickens invented Besant knew. His gentlemen are the sort of gentlemen whom one meets. They are educated gentlemen. Even when they have their little eccentricities, they are gentlemen first and eccentric afterwards, as is the case with Humphrey and Cornelius Jaxenal.

From Besant one always gets the impression, not indeed that one is moving in a fashionable world, but that, whatever the world may be through which one is conducted, one's guide is an educated man. Besant knew Latin and Greek and French—to say nothing of mathematics. He had read widely, and he had travelled. He does not by any means thrust his knowledge down his reader's throat; but it colours his point of view, and gives him a much wider outlook than Dickens ever had. Allowance must be made, of course, as we have said, for the fact that Dickens was the man of greater genius; but when that allowance has been made, this may reasonably be said: To read Besant is to see what Cambridge might have done for Dickens; to read Dickens is to see what would have been Besant's additional limitations if he had been brought up in a blacking factory instead of being sent to the University.

What is a Gallantee-Show? was a question we heard asked on all sides when the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers issued invitations (now unfortunately withdrawn) for the entertainment of that name to be given last Wednesday. There are a great many people in the world not old enough to remember the men who used to go about the streets in pairs with a

lantern, pipes and a drum. Invited into the hall or nursery, they had a white sheet stretched, and showed from behind, by shadows, a story, which went as follows: Scene i. The baker has a dispute with the constable over his scales, which are false: the constable tries to arrest the baker. Scene ii. The Devil comes and runs off with a loaf out of the baker's basket; the baker catches him by the tail. Then comes "Pull Devil, Pull Baker!" a proverb many people use without knowing its origin. Scene iii. The devil puts the baker on his back and walks off. Scene iv. and last: The Mouth of Hell: a huge head with goggle eyes and a vast mouth, into which the baker is carried by the Devil.

There are things in the story that incline one to believe that it is really a survival of some mediæval French farce, or Italian *commedia dell'arte*, but we have been unable to trace its origin, and are not aware that it ever has been traced. Certainly the mouth of Hell in the last scene is exactly what the mouth of Hell used to be in the French miracle-plays; possibly, too, in the English. Old stories about a tussle on the edge of the crater of Stromboli between the Devil and a fraudulent contractor in ship's biscuit may be safely disregarded.

What the derivation of the word *gallantee* is, no one knows for certain. Dr. Murray connects it, we believe, with *gallant*; an older philologist recommended that it be spelt *galantee* and suggested that some foreign showman of the name of Galanti was the inventor or principal exponent of the show. The word was not in use, apparently, before 1821, and is rarely heard now, save in metaphorical usage. An interesting passage on the show may be found in Thackeray's review of Sue's "Mysteries of Paris," recently reprinted by Mr. Robert S. Garnett in his "New Sketch-Book" (p. 190).

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, in her tribute to the memory of William Sharp in a letter contributed by her to the *Argonaut* of San Francisco, mentions that William Sharp praised her youthful effusions as warmly as her own countrymen had berated them, and, while alive to their faults, promised her a definite future if she would persist. "A most interesting fact in connection with Sharp was that he possessed," Miss Gertrude Atherton asserts, "the knowledge of his exact term of life. When I first knew him—in 1890 I think it was—he told me that his father and all his paternal grandfathers had died suddenly of heart disease on or about their forty-ninth birthday, and that he expected the same meagre shrift and no more. During my last visit to London, in the winter and spring of 1904, I asked him, jestingly, being under the impression that thirty-nine was the fatal birthday, how it was that he was still alive. 'Oh, it is forty-nine,' he said, laughing; and he was in the best of health and spirits. 'I still have nearly two years.' And so he had; he died almost upon entering his fiftieth year."

Lord Rosebery's valuable collection of Burnsiana, which we are happy to hear has not been purchased for 60,000 dollars by Mr. Pierpont Morgan, has been brought together throughout a period extending to nearly thirty years. At the Whitefoord Mackenzie sale in Edinburgh twenty years ago Lord Rosebery enriched his collections by the addition of some valuable manuscripts, some of which, though purchased as original compositions of Burns, were discovered to be only copies in his handwriting from certain numbers of the *Scots Magazine*; and he made more valuable additions from the A. C. Lamb library sale in 1898 and from the Craibe Angus sale in 1902.

In connection with the assertion that "Auld Lang Syne" is included among Lord Rosebery's Burns manuscripts, it may be stated that there are several holograph copies of this song. A copy was enclosed by Burns with a letter to Mrs. Dunlop of date 17th December, 1788, and

he alludes to it thus: "Is not the Scotch phrase 'Auld Lang Syne' exceedingly expressive? There is an old song and tune which has often thrilled through my soul. You know I am an enthusiast in old Scotch songs." Though modelled on one or other of two older songs attributed to both Sir Robert Aytoun and Francis Sempill, the whole is to all intents and purposes, as Dr. William Wallace states, Burns's own, and its finest stanzas, the third and fourth, are entirely original.

A sale of exceptionally interesting manuscripts is due at Messrs. Sotheby's on March 27 and following days. It includes the manuscript of "Rab and his Friends," Burns's song "To Mary in Heaven," part of "Masterman Ready," letters of Pope, and a unique lot of manuscripts concerned with Joanna Southcott. Then there are Bolingbroke's secret and official despatches to the Lords Plenipotentiary at Utrecht, 1711-1713, and a great deal of Napoleoniana. At Messrs. Hodgson's this month there will be sold a proof-sheet, corrected by Browning, of poems by T. Powell; letters of Bernard Barton; a thirteenth-century manuscript of Justinian, and other good things. Messrs. Christie will offer on Wednesday next a letter from Dickens to Behnes, the sculptor, a prompt-copy of *The School for Scandal*, and Nelson's "general memorandum" for the attack at Trafalgar, which has lately been discussed in *The Times*.

The Metropolitan Police. Suggested County Council Control.—At a meeting of the Street Noise Abatement Committee, held on Saturday, it was stated by the Hon. Secretary that the Government would, in all probability, transfer the control of the Metropolitan Police to the London County Council. In this case there were good reasons for believing that the police would have conferred upon them the requisite powers to deal with the nuisance of unnecessary and objectionable street noises instead of, as at present, the aggrieved householder having to put the law in force. At the same meeting it was stated that the Committee had nearly one hundred petitions in hand respecting the abatement of organ-grinding and other objectionable street noises in various districts of the Metropolis.

At a meeting of the Japan Society in the Hall, 20 Hanover Square, W., on Wednesday next at 8.30 p.m., Mr. J. Morris will read a paper on Pilgrims to Isé, illustrated by lantern-slides shown through the Epidiascope.

On Sunday evening (March 11) at 8 p.m., the English Drama Society will give a performance of Ibsen's *Ghosts* in the King's Hall (National Sporting Club), Covent Garden. Seats cannot be obtained at the door, but only on application to the Hon. Sec., Mr. Nugent Monck, 20 Regent Street, S.W.

Society of Arts. Arrangements for week ending March 17, 1906.—Monday, March 12, at 8 p.m., Cantor Lectures: "Fire, Fire Risks, and Fire Extinction." By Professor Vivian B. Lewes. Lecture I. Wednesday, March 14, at 8 p.m., Ordinary Meeting: "Imperial Organisation from a Business Point of View." By Geoffrey Drage. Thursday, March 15, at 4.30 p.m., Indian Section: "The Languages of India and the Linguistic Survey." By Dr. George A. Grierson.

Royal Institution.—A General Monthly Meeting of the Members of the Royal Institution was held on Monday afternoon (the 5th instant), the Duke of Northumberland, K.G., President, in the Chair. Mr. Frank Green, Mr. A. W. Oke, Mr. N. M. Ogle, Mr. H. F. Pooley, Mr. H. Taverner, and Mr. A. B. Thomas were elected Members.

Linnean Society of London. Evening Meeting, Thursday March 15, 1906, at 8 p.m. Discussion on the "Origin of Gymnosperms," to be opened by Professor F. W. Oliver, F.R.S., F.L.S.



## LITERATURE

## NERO IN DRAMA

*Nero.* By STEPHEN PHILLIPS. (Macmillan, 4s. 6d. net.)

It is to be feared that Mr. Stephen Phillips will add little to his reputation by the latest of his dramatic poems. He has chosen to conceive of Nero as being something of an artist, using that word with the hackneyed meaning which it has in third-rate literary circles. The result fails altogether to be convincing. We read of a monster who is addicted to every lust of the flesh that can be imagined or described, but he is not sufficiently human to create the illusion that he is a man. Even in his stage directions Mr. Phillips has not succeeded in being quite sincere and unaffected. Indeed, some of those rubrics, which we imagined should be written down in the tersest and most businesslike language conceivable, read like a novel of the Anna Matilda type. For example, at the end of the first act we read: "Nero is led by her a little way, then hesitates, still gazing after the procession of Emperors. Gradually he loses Acte's hand, and she leaves him, gazing." The scene is one that would be dear to a sentimental housemaid. In the opening of the second act: "Acte is reclining on a couch. The time is broad noon. A faint exotic odour pervades the palace." If we do not forget, it was Henrik Ibsen who introduced the habit of writing stage directions in a sentimental manner, and we can scarcely think the innovation is an improvement. If we cannot imagine the scene in which a dramatic poem is being enacted, no amount of description will help us.

In style, it seems to us that Mr. Phillips has throughout strained too much at the leash. Nero himself speaks like one of those literary persons who have got the word artist into their mouths and cannot refrain from using it. It occurs in Seneca's forecast of what the Emperor is going to be, and Nero himself loses no opportunity of asking:

Have I not toiled for art, forsworn food, sleep,  
And laboured day and night to win the crown?

and to justify his artistic tastes scenes like the following are introduced. Lucan refers to the words of the poet: "When I am dead, let fire devour the world." The stage direction here is: "Nero starts at these words and comes among them," and thus he speaks:

Nay, while I live! The sight! A burning world!  
And to be dead and miss it! There's an end  
Of all satiety: such fire imagine!  
Born in some obscure alley of the poor,  
Then leaping to embrace a splendid street,  
Palaces, temples, morsels that but whet  
Her appetite: the eating of huge forests:  
Then with redoubled fury rushing high,  
Smacking her lips over a continent,  
And licking old civilisations up!  
Then in tremendous battle fire and sea  
Joined: and the ending of the mighty sea:  
Then heaven in conflagration, stars like cinders  
Falling in tempest: then the reeling poles  
Crash: and the smouldering firmament subsides,  
And last, this universe a single flame!

As an artist, too, he is bound to be a *gourmet*. So he talks of eating dormice with poppies and milk honey, and of the appropriate music for each course, until he reaches:

And at last the tongues  
Of nightingales—the tongues of nightingales?  
O, silence with the tongues of nightingales.

Even when he comes to plan the murder of the boy Britannicus it is, to hackney a word once more, as an artist.

It shall be  
Performed to-night at supper: get you seats;  
It shall be something new and wonderful,  
Done after wine, and under falling roses;  
And there shall be suspense in it, and thrill:  
It shall be very sudden, very silent,  
And terrible in silence—I the while,  
Creator and arranger of the scene,  
Reclining with a jewel in my eye:

And Agrippina shall be close to me,  
Aware, yet motionless: Octavia,  
Though but a child, yet too discreet for tears.  
This you may deem as yet a little crude,  
But other details I will add ere supper.

We have but one more quotation to give, and we give it, because Mr. Phillips was following precedent in putting into the mouth of one of his characters a description of Britain.

ANICETUS: To Britain send her. There for Claudius  
I fought; a melancholy isle, alone,  
Sundered from all the world; and banned by God  
With separating, cold, religious wave,  
And haunted with the ghost of a dead sun  
Rising as from a grave, or all in blood  
Returning wounded heavily through mist.  
Her rotting peoples amid forests cower,  
Or mad for colour paint their bodies blue.

We are sorry to be unable to do more than repeat our judgment, that as a tragedy in drama the work entirely fails to interest or convince.

## MR. R. H. HUTTON'S LITERARY CRITICISMS

*Brief Literary Criticisms.* By the late RICHARD HOLT HUTTON.  
(Macmillan, 4s. net.)

ONE of the first reflections aroused by a glance over this volume of short literary essays is: How did the late Mr. R. H. Hutton rise to that eminence which he attained? The only explanation that occurs to us is that it was due to character. Mr. Hutton appears to have been a man of the highest principles, and in all his writings he conscientiously adhered to views that had been deliberately and intelligently adopted; and so in process of years the journal over whose fortunes he presided came to be regarded with confidence by the sober English middle classes. It was taken as guide by those whose instincts inclined to the grandmotherly. But, of course, when one thinks the matter over, it never had much reputation as a literary organ. That statement, however, needs qualification. The *Spectator* has always possessed that fine reputation which is built on honesty, and fairness, and justice; but it never was clever, and Mr. Hutton himself was never more than a second-rate intellect. It would be easy to substantiate this statement by references to almost any chapter in the book before us. But let one speak for many. In his inquiry, "What is a lyric?" Mr. Hutton was exposing himself to one of the finest tests conceivable. Of all things literary, the lyric is at once the most graceful, the most touching, the most beautiful, the most exquisite product, and whoever would discuss its formation must have an innate love for that gossamer and ethereal beauty which it is much easier to recognise than to describe. One would think that the very act of writing upon it would incite the critic to the use of the most delicate language of which he was capable. Yet in the course of the first few lines we have a sentence in which he speaks of "a predominantly narrative poem, however saturated with imagination it may be." A fastidious reader might well be forgiven if on meeting with the phrase "saturated with imagination" he closed the book as one that was not meant for him. Mr. Hutton quotes several pieces of verse which he calls lyric, but, so far as we can see, he does not bring forward a single couplet deserving of the word. If we go back to the ancient and simple definitions of poetry, we know that the dramatic poem was one meant for men and women to act, that the epic poem was the narrative poem which in the days of jongleur and minstrel was sung to the harp or, as often as not, recited in a sing-song without accompaniment, while the lyric is the little poem which is sung. Probably in its simplest state it took the form of a lullaby that primeval woman sung to her baby, a lullaby that we can easily imagine was made up mostly of nonsense words and mere sounds uttered for the purpose of soothing. It was

also the natural expression of the lover who made sonnets to his mistress's eyebrow as spontaneously as the bird sings to his mate.

The most perfect examples of lyric song in the English language stand out with such absolute distinction from other literature that there is really very little room for discussion in regard to them. Of its kind Ariel's song:

Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands:  
Courtied when you have, and kiss'd  
The wild waves whist,  
Foot it feathery here and there;  
And, sweet Sprites, the burthen bear,

is unapproached. There is no dirge in any language equal to

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust;

but he who has such standards as this before him must feel simply amazed when told that the description of the harper playing in Scott's "Lay" was lyrical in the truest sense, a notion which Mr. Hutton seems to have adopted from William Pitt. Another example is from a piece dear to the penny-reading reciters:

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land!

At the best it is only a piece of vigorous declamation. Yet any one with a really literary taste could have found in Scott a great deal that was much more lyrical. For instance, take two verses out of L'envoy to "The Lady of the Lake":

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel harp!  
Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,  
And little reck I of the censure sharp  
May idly cavil at an idle lay.  
Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,  
Through secret woes the world has never known,  
When on the weary night dawn'd wearier day,  
And bitterer was the grief devour'd alone.  
That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress! is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,  
Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string!  
'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,  
'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.  
Receding now, the dying numbers ring  
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,  
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring  
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—  
And now, 'tis silent all!—Enchantress fare thee well!

The touch of personal pathos is thoroughly in place here. Purely lyric, too, in our opinion, is:

The herring loves the merry moon-light,  
The mackerel loves the wind,  
But the oyster loves the dredging sang,  
For they come of a gentle kind.

Scott, however, was not really a great lyric poet. "Oddly enough," to quote a phrase from Mr. Hutton, he finds the truest lyric Wordsworth ever wrote to be:

From town to town, from tower to tower  
The red rose is a glad some flower.  
Her thirty years of winter past,  
The red rose is revived at last;  
She lifts her head for endless spring,  
For everlasting blossoming:  
Both roses flourish, red and white:  
In love and sisterly delight  
The two that were at strife are blended,  
And all old troubles now are ended.—  
Joy! joy to both! but most to her  
Who is the flower of Lancaster!

Could Mr. Hutton have forgotten: "Will no one tell me what she sings?" Here we have the true melody of words, and without that the word lyric would be a

contradiction in terms. As Mr. Swinburne has pointed out, harmony and imagination are the requisites of a great poem.

No; Mr. Hutton is not to be altogether trusted when he swears that we have the true lyric fervour and the right beat of the lyric pulse in the "Feast of Brougham Castle." Shelley, we are told, is the greatest lyrical poet in our century; and Mr. Hutton was quite entitled to hold this opinion, even though, as we believe, those critics who possess the finest taste would be inclined to disagree with it. The essay ends with the choice remark that "a recent satirist has described Mr. Watson as, 'Wordsworth and water.' 'Wordsworth and music' or a lyrical Wordsworth, would have been a truer description." We can only echo the phrase: "Would it?"

To turn to another side of Mr. Hutton's writing, he was a kind of authorised exponent of the virtues of George Eliot. To him she was "the greatest writer among Englishwomen of this or any other age," and amongst the articles of faith with him which lie secure from any touch of doubt is that George Eliot "touched the highest point which, in a woman, has been reached in our literature." Just before the essay from which we quote comes a paper on Jane Austen, and, if Mr. Hutton had been alive, he would probably have been surprised to hear any one saying that so immeasurably greater as a woman of letters was Jane Austen than George Eliot that it is idle to institute any comparison between them. Looking backward, however, we can see how forced and strained was the work of George Eliot, while with every new reading "Pride and Prejudice" unfolds new charms. If the adjectives that Mr. Hutton applies to the one had been transferred to the other, his statement would have gained, as we think, in judgment and truth. But it is much more profitable to argue with Mr. Hutton on points of doctrine than on his judgment of men and women. There are various little excursions into the domain of theory that invite criticism, as for example his question: "Is Irony a Form of the Ludicrous?" He writes a paper that leaves us in great doubt as to whether he really knew the meaning of that attribute which Mrs. Slip-slop called "ironing." The very mention of that lady's name reminds us that Mr. Hutton is able to write a whole paper on "ironing" without a single reference to the name of Fielding, the most perfect master of it in the English tongue. Of course, where he misses the point is in his laborious search for the earnest. He is like a man in a dark cellar seeking tenpenny nails with a lantern, and is so concentrated upon these tenpenny nails that he tramples over gold and pearls without seeing them. The tenpenny nails in this case consist of the irony that appeals to the very serious nature of the seeker's character, while the gold and jewels are the treasures strewed over the length and breadth of English literature which might have been his for the asking. Another of his chapters is headed with the original question: "What is humour?" In point of fact, wit may be possessed by anybody and is as likely to be found in the head of a fool as in that of a wise man. Humour is the gift of seeing things all round us with laughter and tears, pathos and the lack of it all combined into one melting vision. The quotation that Mr. Hutton gives from Lamb is not really worthy of the name of humour. That is to say, it is simply funny. A Highgate omnibus conductor put his head in at the door to ask "All full inside?" when Lamb, who was half asleep in the corner, immediately replied: "I really cannot answer for the other ladies and gentlemen, but that last piece of pudding at Mrs. Gilman's did the business for me." That is really only the laughter-provoking retort of a mountebank. It has wit and cleverness in plenty, but no vision. The question is propounded with special regard to Charles Dickens, and people are still going on asking and answering it. Perhaps the truest comment upon the matter is that Charles Dickens suffered little from the lack of a sense of humour and a sense of pathos, but, to use an expressive Americanism, he "went for them too bald-headed."



## GYPSY AND GENTILE IDYLLS

*The Coming of Love.* Rhona Boswell's Story and other Poems.  
By THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON. Seventh edition, enlarged  
and revised. (Lane, 5s. net.)

THE Gypsy race, as some hopefully hold, is dying out, carrying with it its ancient custom, code, and language. Yet somehow one still meets here and there, encamped in English lanes, bands of Stanleys or Lovells who, by their looks, might have landed only yesterday from Hindustan. Nor is it a thing of the past to find by the banks of a Welsh trout stream, or trudging from inn to inn with his triple harp slung over his shoulder, some scion of the family of Abraham Wood who, despite his "gorgified" dress and appearance and his command of Welsh and English, speaks in his own home a tongue many shades nearer to Sanskrit than any of the seven vernaculars of India described by John Beames. A threatened race lives long. Gypsies and scholar Gypsies are still among us; and, regarding the day when these enliveners of our country-side are merged with those who take a staid view of life, we devoutly say *procul esto*! Yet even should Gypsydom disappear, the hope might be cherished that the extinction of the race need not necessarily involve the disappearance of the cult. The "merry race of Romany Rye" (that pet phrase of the penny-a-liner which, as Mr. F. H. Groome once remarked, is "not without a certain misapprehended truth") might still as of yore make the Gypsy speech a passport to good-fellowship, and follow the Gypsy life while summer hold, resting, them merry in tent or caravan.

This fond belief is suggested by the appearance of the seventh edition of Mr. Watts-Dunton's "Coming of Love." A master of magic of the white variety, the author of this poem makes an irresistible appeal to the spirit of romance which is hidden in the heart of the most confirmed *kairangro*. He may not, it is true, like the "lad in the University of Oxford" of whom Glanvil tells us, "leave his studies to join himself to a company of vagabond Gypsies," yet even sitting before the fire in his easy chair and reading this Romany idyll, it will be strange if he does not feel himself one of the children of the open air, and, for the time at least, a scholar Gypsy.

The freshness of this poem is amazing, almost as amazing as its audacity and simplicity; a glance through its pages is like a breath from the heath, or a morning plunge in a river pool. Poor indeed must be the spirit of the youth who, opening this book for the first time, does not wander away into a new world. Though he may never possibly become an actual "tzigalogue"—which we understand is the repellant name applied to the few erudite scholars, chiefly German professors, who devote their lives to the study of Gypsy philology and ethnology—yet in sympathy at least he has become one of the "merry race," perhaps all the better Romany Rye because unspoiled by any taint of pedantry. Gypsyism is a sort of religion, and if Pott or Paspatis be the breviary of its priesthood, "Aylwin" or "The Coming of Love" may not inaptly be described as its Book of Hours, or lay folk's service book, which Mr. Watts-Dunton like a skilful illuminator has enriched with his delicate and delightful decorations.

For this poem is a triumph of artistry. Carried along by its rush and power, few will be able at first to appraise sufficiently the literary skill with which the poet has fashioned the finest of his lyrics out of the poor debased dialect of the English Gypsies, or the unerring judgment with which he introduces just the right degree of tent idiom and no more. Rightly to estimate this success, we need to recall the failures of pioneers in the same path, who have sought to commemorate Gypsy life in song. These experiments vary from the sham sentiment of such lines as:

And how should a poor Gypsy maiden like me  
Ever hope the rich bride of a noble to be?

which we ourselves have heard sung by a poor Gypsy

maiden with a diabolical jeer which greatly enhanced its effect—to poems written in that pseudo deep dialect of Romany which never was on field or moor. But the happy mean has never before been struck. The difference between the manner of Mr. Watts-Dunton and that of his predecessors is as great as between that of Scott and the author of "Queenhoo Hall." We have already referred to what we esteem Mr. Watts-Dunton's greatest triumph in this sort, the beautiful and pathetic love-letters of Rhona Boswell, which few can read unmoved. Rhona herself is a real being, and the absolute fidelity of these letters of hers to the Gypsy character and mode of expression almost compel the belief that we have here unaltered, save for a little metrical arrangement, genuine historical documents rather than a creation of the poet's mind.

Yet Gypsies, though delightful talkers, are not, as a rule, good letter-writers. Their familiar epistles are mostly confined to postal addresses and pious remembrances, dictated by them to rustic scribes, who form each character with an effort which seems to bring every muscle into play. "Why, my rye," said an admiring Gypsy to a gentleman who acted as his amanuensis, "you does it as easy as woosering kraafnies to a groovny" (throwing turnips to a cow). Nor is mastery of the art of reading held in less esteem. Some years ago on one of our Gypsy rambles we fell in with a young Romany chal, who, among other questions, inquired whether we could read, and, on receiving a modest affirmative, was encouraged to boast of his own progress. Ascertaining that his learning had been acquired while messenger for a certain West India packet company, and anxious to gratify him, we wrote on the ground in large capital letters the word "west" and invited him to display his skill by reading it. With a surpassing frown, like a prize-fighter in the wrong corner with the sun in his eyes, the Gypsy stared at the inscription as though to terrorise it into yielding up its secret. In vain! The writing was full of science, and would not be caught off its guard. Minutes passed without apparent advantage on either side; our friend getting at closer and closer quarters until at last he was bent almost at right angles over his foe. Seeing that only the fall of night could put an end to this obstinate contest, we intervened at the end of several rounds by inquiring what he made of it so far. "Well, I wouldn't like to be exactly certain," was the answer, "but I rather think it's something like Bess."

But, though neither Lamb nor FitzGerald are Romany names, the reader must not rashly assume that no interesting Gypsy letters exist, for there is at least one signal exception in the correspondence *penes nos* of John Roberts with the late Mr. Groome. How pleasantly, for example, the old Welsh harper begins a letter dated May 27, 1880:

Sitting around a large Family Table at breakfast, and as usual some little remarks by some one saying, "I wonder how is such a person," and "I wonder this," and "I wonder that"—when presently a lowed knock at the Door brings it open, and a letter announced for John Roberts by the Post Man. The receiver, knowing the well known hand-writing, cries out, "a letter from Edinburgh! a letter from Edinburgh!" when a beam of Joy was in every one's face and the Letter flung on the Table, when a general scramble took place to see who would read it first. Me seeing it very big and well pacted, by reaching over nockt my Teacup over (and had the water been a little hotter I should have scalded myself) which cosed a rood laugh around the board.

Or read this, dated March 23, 1880, in which Roberts refers to the death of a Gypsy boy who was drowned at Aberdovey:

With regard to my poor cousin William Wood, which died one of these last days, and was berrid quite respectable in a Town called Amlwch in the county of Anglesea, I can only give you a little account, and that is one time (before the picture was moved out of the Dining room) there used to be in the Dining Room at Kinnell Park (a very large gentleman's house where I inginerly play at) a very large picture with two or three different plates upon it of our Blessed Saviour, how he was served by the crewel Jews. One of the forms was with his hand on his Face, and his Fingers extended, and his hair all over his Forehead, looking very pityfull, and as much as to say "look what I've come to!" And my poor Cousin Billy looked the very same when sitting down on the grass, and his wife oppersite him and his

poor drowned Boy in some kind of an old building behind him, and did not know what to do. It struck me there and then how very much he looked like that picture: I am sorry that I can't explain it to you so well as I felt it. Mary his wife is a catholic and she is a very good little woman. And him poor fellow, he could not read nor write, but between servis times on Sundays he use to open his Bible, and look at it for the space of a half an hour, without taking his eyes off it, thinking that would be some good for him.

Partly, no doubt, through personal predilection, we have dwelt chiefly on the Romany muse of Mr. Watts-Dunton, but it would be scarcely fair to neglect a pateran directing the gorgio reader to the poems in this volume which deal with other topics than those of Egypt. There as elsewhere we find ample illustration of the author's gift of embalming in verse some pregnant thought, saying or incident, and of presenting his poetic fancies in a style which, though entirely his own, recalls the manner of the masters of English verse. J. S.

### THE FATE OF THE MANOR ROLLS

*The Manor and Manorial Records.* By NATHANIEL J. HONE. (Methuen, 7s 6d. net.)

Now that inquests, fines and assize rolls have their safe harbour in the Public Record Office, where they lie clean and accessible, and seeing that we are come to enlightened days in which the most reckless parson will hesitate before making over the parchment leaves of his ancient register to kitchen or household use, the rolls of English manors ask in their turn for the national consideration which has been denied them.

These manor-rolls are of the nearest interest to us English folk. We are becoming a nation of dwellers in streets, of landless men, and the rolls will remind us that we come of a nation of land-holders. Were the rolls but complete and at hand, we might read how our ancestor was admitted to his land by the steward and by what rents and services he held it, of his plough gear and oxen, of his chickens and bees, of what befell him when he brewed beer illegally or drew blood on his neighbour, of his share in the never-ceasing quarrel of metes and bounds until the day when he is returned as dead since the last court held. Priceless matter for the topographer is in these manorial rolls and bailiffs' accounts, for the history of the parish is chronicled field by field and toft by toft. The economist may learn here concerning work and wages and of the prices of produce. The genealogist, above all, is rejoiced at the sight of a court roll, for in the court rolls are the pedigrees of most Englishmen.

England is deeply marked with the traces of the manorial system. In many a village we may still see the manor house in its demesne lands, the line of copyholders' tenements with their backs upon what were the common fields, the manorial pinfold, the site of stocks and ducking-stool, the waste and the wood, and the lord's water-mill or wind-mill. Within the memory of living men the dividing hedges have sprung up which cut in pieces the last of the common fields of the manor.

Mr. Hone's treatise on the manor offers itself rather as a popular introduction to its history and customs than as an original study of a subject on which much good ink has been spent. He has been able to avail himself of the labours of Maitland and Vinogradoff, of Round and Elton, and of the collections of such topographers as Massingberd and Baidon. The result is a book which may be commended especially to those who are entering upon the study of English topography.

Half Mr. Hone's book is devoted to a reasonably short account of the history of the manor, no undue space being given to the dispute concerning its evolution. With this we have the story of the lord and his tenants and officers and of their daily life and work as a community, the illustrations being for the most part already familiar. Nothing more to the purpose could, indeed, be found than Jewitt's wood-engravings of manor houses, and the calendar-blocks of the month's work in the fields are

welcome; but the view of a prince's hall from a Bodleian manuscript and a picture of a merchant reckoning his gains, both from foreign sources, might have been excused further service in a book on the English manor.

The second half of the book shortly explains the procedure of the manorial courts, and then gives a very well chosen series of examples of court rolls, accounts and extents. With these to aid, the amateur of topography may take in hand his first manor roll with a good understanding of what he may look to find on the parchment skin. Specimens of rolls are illustrated by photography, and the beginner who will approach this clipped Latin and unfamiliar handwriting with patience and courage will soon surprise himself by his feats in deciphering the record. Mr. Hone's own translations are adequate, although the Bishop of Lincoln's messenger tipped with twenty pence by the Prior of Bicester need not appear as "the Nuncio of the lord Bishop." And to render the ancient capital F as "ff" is ignorant and amateurish.

The manor as an institution is fast vanishing away as copyholds are enfranchised. It rests with the nation to say at once and to say quickly whether the priceless records of its past are to be scattered and destroyed or saved for our descendants, who will in any case curse the apathy which has already allowed the manufacturer of jellies or glues to buy the raw material of English history at twopenne a pound. Our manor rolls rot in stable lofts and decay in the cellars of country solicitors, and the nation has as yet no better home to offer them.

A central depository for the records of the manor, with an office for public research, should be our first demand. Given such a depository under the control of the officers of the Public Record Office, we might then appeal to those who find themselves the unwilling and uninterested custodians of manorial documents to surrender them to the safer keeping of the skilled archivist. In any case we must remember that such records have the sibylline character; to-day we may buy many cheaply, but to-morrow we must buy few at a high price.

OSWALD BARRON.

### THE TINY COSMETIC

*Richard Cosway, R.A.* By GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON, Litt.D. (Bell, 10s. 6d. net.)

ACCORDING to something more than tradition, when Mrs. Fitzherbert died it was found that clasped within her hand lay the portrait in miniature of her disputed husband and, for the time, undoubted lover—King George IV. When, some years before, that monarch's life was ended, a locket with his first wife's likeness was found on his breast, where he had always worn it. We have no doubt that both these pictures, whose sentimental adventures were extensive and remarkable, had been painted by the hyperfashionable and gifted Richard Cosway; can a miniaturist's fame reach to further heights? In the days of his vanity he was the intimate friend and neighbour of both the Prince and the lady. He had, indeed, painted His Royal Highness from infancy upward with a charm and consistent flattery which should have grappled him to his sitter with hoops of steel. But the Regent did not care for the familiar friends of the Prince of Wales (although he did not greatly improve on them), and Cosway was among those who suffered neglect. The patronage of the Prince, however, had made his art immensely popular, and Cosway, in his turn, had endowed the painting of miniatures with new life, which recalls, although rather faintly, the great time when Peter Oliver, Samuel Cooper, John Hoskins and Nathaniel Dixon painted the Stuarts and the decorative people of that day. Like the reign of Charles II., the reigns of the last two Georges were periods, sociologically, of some brutality, masked by pleasing sentiment. The miniature was its outward and visible symbol.

The lavish and impecunious King of Westphalia sent Bourrienne his miniature immediately on his



obtaining a loan from the purse-bearer of Napoleon; earlier, Catharine the Great, of Russia, decorated with her portrait set in diamonds each new lover—there were thirty, were there not?—and Mr. Gunning wore the painting of one of his beautiful daughters in his buttonhole. In fact the whole of late eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century society delighted to honour an art that has almost always been a rather alluring lie. One must accept the conventions of all or any form of artistic expression, but the miniature especially demands a large acquiescence; in the days of Cosway this was readily given. The personality of a painter in miniature should show in his work, and, judged by the biography which Dr. Williamson now puts before us, "the tiny cosmetic," as one of his many satirists called Cosway, was the man his portraits suggest. There is the politeness, the lack of truth, the connoisseurship, the exquisite finish and the kindness in his work which is found in his life. There is no place in his art, however, for his absurdities, and, later, his startling eccentricities and illusions.

The biography of Cosway (born about 1742 and died 1821) is one of the most attractive, characteristic and, in a sense, amusing, eighteenth-century romances of artistic life. Although this was a period rich in the rise of genius and the victories of gifted painters over the common-places of life, no one among the men of his age and attributes is quite so attractive, *posé*, bizarre and agreeable as the accomplished collector and miniaturist who proudly signed himself on most of his considerable work "Primarius Pictor Serenissimi Walliæ Principis." This signature helps one to understand the man, for he was one of the many gifted people whom the Prince made fashionable, and then more or less marred by neglect. At a period of some mental trouble in 1816, Cosway signed a portrait as by "the greatest miniature painter in the world." It is highly probable that he was fully entitled to this style at that period, for his art, although changed in character, did not wane in power and beauty. Some ten years ago Dr. Williamson published a book on Cosway which, largely owing to the popularity of the illustrations, passed rapidly out of print. The present work, with the exception of the reproductions of the portraits, which are on a less sumptuous scale, gives us all the essentials of the larger work. The letterpress has been re-written, and, we consider, greatly improved. New facts are added, and, as the writer says, the biography is made authoritative in every possible way.

Perhaps a more accomplished stylist, and one with a keener sense of humour, might have produced a volume of fuller entertainment; but no writer of to-day could have conscientiously gathered more interesting facts nor more completely understood the skill of the artist. The part which Mrs. Cosway plays in the biography, in the early days at the grand house in Pall Mall—now the War Office—and later carrying on her education work at Lodi, is very fully and interestingly set forth. There are glimpses, too, of many delightful people, who graced the half-century during which Cosway worked and was famous and earned a reputation which the last decade has very greatly enhanced. We know what Hazlitt thought of his work: he put it on a level with the articles of bigotry and virtue which he went to see at "Vathek" Beckford's palace at Fonthill. We are less impatient of prettiness than Hazlitt, and have taken Cosway to our hearts.

And yet, is he so well known outside a narrow circle? Recently an accredited author, saturated in eighteenth-century things, published a book decorated with miniatures by an artist he calls, a dozen times, George Cosway, R.A., and not long ago a daily paper thus mis-named for its millions of readers the "greatest miniature painter in the world." Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil, but we think Cosway would have liked to read his biography written nearly a hundred years after his death and to have heard the prices which Mr. Morgan's agents bid for his graceful work—for he loved an auction and high prices.

## THE LAST MESSAGE

WHAT shall I say to him  
Whose heart thou hast "broken"?  
—Say that I never thought  
And give for a token

The slippers I danced in then,  
The web-silk mittens,  
The coal-black mask and the fan  
Whose taps were "a kitten's."

—Will to remind him he said so  
Not seem too cruel?

—Though he remember, his pain  
Shall have no renewal;

It has broken his heart, and the world  
Admires him greatly  
For his terrible thoughts and his air  
Correct and stately.

—Then shall I say nought of thy heart's  
Remorse and repentance?

—Yes, yes, but leave unfinished  
The half of each sentence;

Say that I thumbed his old letters;  
But don't add "weeping":  
Tell how I'd murmur his name,  
Yet say not "when sleeping."

—But hast thou no hope to send  
Of death's re-awaking?

—Nay, for his heart has given  
And mine is breaking;

And death seems more welcome to me  
Than forgiveness—profounder  
Than a heaven remembrance would mar,  
Like sleep, only sounder.

T. STURGE MOORE.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

### THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHAUCER'S GENIUS

IN a recent number of the ACADEMY I was allowed to call attention to the remarkable new light thrown by two American scholars, Mr. Kittredge and Mr. Livingston Lowes, on Chaucer's "Legende of Good Women." Thanks to their discoveries we now know that the Prologue to the "Legende" grew out of a pleasant interchange of courtesies between the English poet and some of his French friends, more especially Eustache Deschamps, whose *Lai de Franchise*, written in connection with the celebration of May-day at the French court in 1385, provided Chaucer with some ideas which he used in his Prologue. Mr. Lowes followed up his first paper, published in December 1904, with which I was mainly concerned in my previous article, by a second, dated a year later,\* in which he considers the Prologue in its chronological relations, and draws conclusions, of considerable importance if they can be sustained, as to the order in which some of Chaucer's most interesting poems were composed. In some very just remarks Mr. Lowes points out that, while the exact date at which any poem was written, when considered in and by itself, is a very trifling matter, any re-arrangement of the order of the poet's works must affect our conception of his growth and development. Encouraged by his success in proving that the order of the two versions of the Prologue to the "Legende" has hitherto been misconceived, Mr. Lowes now proposes to alter in some

\* "The Prologue to the Legend of Good Women considered in its chronological relations." By John Livingston Lowes. Modern Language Association of America, 1905.

important particulars the sequence of Chaucer's works which has stood almost unchallenged for twenty years or more; and one need not be a Dry-as-dust to be interested in considering what can be said in favour of the old order and what for the new.

One of the first of Mr. Lowes's contentions (in which he reinforces an old theory of ten Brink's) is a good example of the effect a change of date may have upon our estimate, not merely of a poet's work, but even of his honour. In the version of the Prologue which we now know to be the earlier, Love bids the poet:

And when this book is made give it the quene  
On my behalfe, at Eltham, or at Sheene.

In the later version this couplet is omitted. How are we to explain the omission? According to Mr. Lowes and ten Brink, by placing the date of the revision later than June 7, 1394, the day of the Queen's death. Only one serious argument can be adduced for this contention. As is well known, Richard II. was so afflicted at the loss of his queen, that he pulled down the palace at Sheen at which she died. If the prologue to the "Legende" were re-written after her death, Chaucer might have thought the allusion to presenting the poem to her at Sheen likely to pain the king, or at least to be considered infelicitous, and the couplet might for this reason have been expunged. The theory is, of course, possible, if only because, when the king set so childish an example, the poet may have behaved equally childishly. But to get over a difficulty in the form of an allusion to a dead patroness by suppressing it altogether would certainly be no ideal course, and the suggestion that this may have been the way that Chaucer chose is far from making me anxious to believe that the Prologue was re-written so late as 1394. On the other hand, Mr. Lowes is even more horrified at the suggestion that Chaucer may have omitted the lines because he was angry with the queen for having failed to come to his rescue when he lost his office in December 1386, the very time when, according to Mr. Lowes's own theory, he was engaged with the "Legende."

That an English gentleman [he writes] should deliberately recall a dedication to his queen because he did not stand so high in royal favour as in earlier days would be hard in any instance to believe; the possibility that Chaucer himself should commit so gross a breach of courtesy one may dismiss without hesitation.

It is ungrateful work to gainsay this chivalrous pronouncement, but Mr. Lowes's certainty hardly accords with what we know of the history of patronage. The quarrels of poets with their patrons and patronesses might well be adduced as illustrating the "sordid influence" of the "cash nexus" which some people consider the best promoter of friendship. In any case, I would as lief think that Chaucer struck out the couplet while smarting under the loss of office which he may well have thought that the queen could have retained for him, as that he omitted it after her death. As an intermediate theory it may be suggested that the couplet hardly amounts to a dedication to the queen, any more than the pleasant courtesies to his French friends constituted a dedication to them. Chaucer may have regarded both allusions as only temporarily appropriate, and have omitted the one, as he modified the other, merely on artistic grounds. If so, the chronological argument falls to the ground, and we are once more free to believe that from the time when he began work on the Canterbury Tales, Chaucer would naturally have given himself wholly up to them, until weariness or regard for his soul made him forego poetry altogether. That seven or eight years after he had given over working on the "Legende" out of disgust at the monotony of the theme he should have busied himself with revising his Prologue to it, is to me incredible. Just as we now know that the two recensions of Gower's "Confessio Amantis" in which he does honour respectively to Richard II. and to his adversary, Henry, Earl of Derby, afterwards Henry IV.,

\* I cannot see why this substitution of praise of Henry from respect to Richard offers, as Mr. Lowes contends, no parallel to what Chaucer appears to have done when he had a grievance against the queen. To my thinking, it was much worse.

were separated by little more than a year, so I believe that the two versions of the Prologue to the "Legende" were separated by no great interval, and that both were written before Chaucer abandoned work at the separate stories.

While Mr. Lowes thus represents Chaucer as working upon the "Legende" as late as 1394, he would have us believe that some of the individual stories in it were written several years before 1386. With our knowledge that Chaucer incorporated quite early work into his "Canterbury Tales" there is no *a priori* difficulty in believing that the idea of the "Legende of Good Women" as a whole may have grown up after one or more individual stories had already been composed. But the evidence which Mr. Lowes advances for his supposition is far from conclusive. He thinks that the story of Ariadne shows so little mastery of the heroic couplet that it must be an early instance of Chaucer's use of it, and that specifically it is earlier than the story of "Palamon and Arcyte," now known to us as "The Knightes Tale." The lack of any special facility in the "Ariadne," ascribed by Mr. Lowes to Chaucer's inexperience in the use of the metre, may equally well be due to haste and carelessness. As for the terrible number of lines he adduces which begin with "And" (twenty-one out of forty-two in lines 2136-2178), this is surely a common trick of Chaucer's in rapid narration, especially when he is compressing. Nor does the ingenious point which Mr. Lowes makes (quite conclusively) as to the use of a passage of the "Teseide" convince me that the "Ariadne" must on this account be earlier than the "Palamon." In the latter poem Chaucer had quite rightly seen that better sport could be obtained if Emily were kept ignorant of the love she had inspired in the two cousins. He therefore refused to follow Boccaccio in making her overhear their complaints in prison. But in this, as in other cases, it pained his economical soul to leave the passage unused, and, when it became convenient to let Ariadne overhear the plaint of Theseus, back to the "Teseide" he went to use the passage he had previously rejected. If Mr. Lowes can prove by external evidence that the order was the other way about, his proof shall be accepted, but æsthetic considerations surely tell as much on one side as on the other. There is more to appeal to us in his suggestion that after drawing Theseus so attractively in "Palamon and Arcyte" Chaucer would have hesitated to rake up the misdeeds of his youth in "Ariadne." But how could Ariadne be omitted from a *Lectionary of Cupid's Saints*, and, if Ariadne had to be celebrated, how could Theseus be spared? Chaucer did his best, by telling the story with less than his usual gusto.

We seem to have been dealing with rather small points, but this putting back the "Ariadne" to about 1380 and pushing on the revision of the Prologue to 1394 carries with it unwelcome consequences in Mr. Lowes's theory that the "Hous of Fame" and "Palamon and Arcyte" were both written before "Troilus and Criseyde." As has been said, it seems so inconsistent with Chaucer's temper as to be incredible that he could have kept the "Legende" on hand for some fourteen years; and any theory that minimises the importance of the "Troilus" as the crisis of his poetical development reduces my own conception of that development to chaos. The very length of the "Troilus" by itself seems to prove its position as the first great poem of what may roughly be called Chaucer's Italian period, for no poet could write a poem of over eight thousand lines without having his art profoundly modified in the process. Now the "Troilus" is a far greater poem than the "Palamon," and yet the art of the latter conveys the impression of being distinctly later, older, more experienced. In the "Palamon" Chaucer has nothing more to learn; it is well proportioned; save for the one pause for the description of the temples in the lists, there is no interruption to the action; neither speeches nor philosophisings are of excessive length. But in the "Troilus" Chaucer is still making experiments, and, more especially in the third book, he expands so recklessly as compared with Boccaccio that he



imperils the success of his story just when it should have been strongest and most rapid. In a word, he introduces here prolixities of the very kind which in the "Palamon" we find him clearing away; and to believe that the "Troilus" was the later of the two cuts away our confidence in the poet as a conscious artist. Mr. Lowes emphasises the other side of the shield, and claims that Chaucer improves on Boccaccio's characterisation much more signally in the "Troilus" than in the "Palamon." It is, perhaps, a fair answer to this that Chaucer heightens the characters in the "Palamon" to the utmost extent that the plot will bear without becoming, like the "Troilus," professedly a "tragedie," whereas the tragic note in it is not only never touched, but never even attempted. In my edition of the "Knights Tale" I have had the hardihood to suggest that this may even be the "som comedie" which Chaucer at the end of the "Troilus" expressed his hope that he might live to write. The generally accepted opinion fixes the allusion on to the "Hous of Fame," which might pass for a comedy on the ground of its distant resemblance to Dante's "Divina Commedia," while the "Palamon" stands the better of the two the test of the simple mediæval requirement that a comedy should begin with bad fortune and end in good. In any case Mr. Lowes has ruled both these candidates for the comedy-ship out of court by one decision, and he must either suppose that Chaucer left his promise unfulfilled or strain his ingenuity to find a proof that it was redeemed by the very lamentable tales of Cupid's Saints!

There are many more arguments in Mr. Lowes's essay than it has been possible here to notice,\* and after his brilliant success in establishing the true order of the two versions of the Prologue to the "Legende," any suggestions he offers as to Chaucer chronology must command careful attention. But the arguments which he brings forward in this second essay are much more matters of opinion and interpretation than those of the first, and, when this is so, if the æsthetic consequences of a theory are bad, this is a good reason for hesitating to receive it. Now to me the æsthetic consequences of Mr. Lowes's theory are very bad indeed. No theory of Chaucer's development can be found which will enable us to arrange his works in a steadily ascending order of merit. There were different elements in his nature which pulled him different ways, and in a poet so dependent on a touch of external inspiration, the question of the books to which he had access in any given year is of crucial importance. But the "Troilus" and the "Palamon" are derived from the same source, and my own belief is strong that when the riches of Boccaccio were revealed to the poet of the tales of St. Cecyll, of Grisilde and Constance, it was to the heights of the "Troilus" that they raised him, and that the firm tread with which he walks on the lesser elevation of the "Palamon" represents a later stage.

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "The Novel of Manners," by P.]

## FICTION

*Uncle Peaceable.* By REGINALD TURNER. (Greening, 6s.)

QUITE a short while since there were two ways of making a book successful—to have it repudiated by Mudie or recommended by a popular ecclesiastic. The all-embracing Times Book Club with its catholic inclusiveness has rather

\* One "curious piece of independent evidence" which he adduces for the priority of the "Palamon" to the "Troilus" is that the decisive action of both begins on May 3, and that since we can see more reason for this carefully specified date in the "Palamon" it was probably borrowed from it for the "Troilus." But there must be something about May 3 which the commentators have as yet failed to fathom, for Mr. Lowes has forgotten that in the "Nun's Priest's Tale," it is on May 3 that Reynard ran away with Chauntecleer! It seems dangerous to build theories on this date till we get some explanation of Chaucer's fondness for it.

taken away the *cachet* from the English equivalent to the Index Expurgatorius; though none of Mr. Turner's novels could have fallen under that reputable ban. If, however, they are ever fortunate enough to catch the episcopal eye, the Bishop of London might do worse than recommend "Uncle Peaceable" from the pulpit of Westminster Abbey, where Canon Beeching is also known to indulge sometimes in severe and arbitrary criticism. Mr. Turner's latest book offers no solution for Renan's doubts, raises no problem, and cannot be classified in the schools of Henry James, Thomas Hardy or George Meredith. In originality and humour Mr. Turner is alone. In irresponsibility he comes near to Mr. Anstey, our greatest English humorist; but there is no touch of the supernatural which the reader must accept as a postulate; nor are the inevitable laws of improbability so ruthlessly preserved in order to carry things to their cruel, mathematical conclusion, as you see in the author of "Vice Versa." Somewhere between Anstey and Stevenson, under the monument of Charles Dickens, is where Mr. Turner has pitched his tent. And really a pleasanter slope on the precipice of literature could hardly be found. In two of his former works he climbed higher with varied success, and now, refreshed for the mountain air he is more at home than ever in making his characters (and his readers) live and laugh and have their being. "Uncle Peaceable" is the study of a selfish man and his environment, with a charming love motive dexterously interwoven round the egoist's hearth. Every page provokes a smile, and some of them may even appear farcical to those who find life rather a solemn affair. Dickens, indeed, would have made a grievance or a didactic story out of the tempting material, but Mr. Turner, like Isaak Walton, treats his bait tenderly as though he loved it. The man with a "codicil smile" who lives on society and is found to have invested all his money in an annuity, the lonely bachelor, Phil Hemmings, who keeps a wax figure of a lady in his room for company, Miss Mawksley, Mrs. Crutchberry, are more Christian, more Hans Christian Andersen than Dickens; for the satire is never vociferous, and there is no propaganda except as fuel for laughter. Uncle Jacob Bridger is a type with which every one is familiar at the present day, an autochthonous growth of the last twenty years, the self-deceived and deceiving philanthropist of armchairs and clubs. But, whereas he is a character who might serve as relief to more lifeless and romantic types, Mr. Turner makes him the centre-piece of other life-like and delightful beings. For the many readers who will enjoy the humour and seemingly grotesque situations there may appear something facile in this novel; but the art of bringing a crowded composition even into comic relation is extremely difficult, and here is the art of the book. One, or even two grotesque people are easy enough to handle, to invent, to describe; four or five are more difficult to manipulate, as novelists certainly know and novel-readers realise too often. A power to excel in this direction is a dramatic power. "Uncle Peaceable," besides being the most amusing novel of the year, would make a capital play after the style of *Dandy Dick* or *Ernest*. One of Mr. Turner's novels has already been cribbed for the stage. Why should he not become his own plagiarist on this occasion?

*The History of Richard Raynal, Solitary.* By ROBERT HUGH BENSON. (Pitman, 3s. 6d.)

"THE KING'S ACHIEVEMENT" was a fine historical novel, but in reading it we felt that Father Benson was not so much expressing himself as his sense of duty. In "The Light Invisible," and now again in the novel before us, he is writing from his heart as well as his head. Of "The History of Richard Raynal" we can only say that those who will like it will like it very much indeed. It is not a book for everybody. Those for whom the faith of the Middle Ages is a dream or a morbid delusion, and mysticism a thing for mockery, to whom St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross are "hysterical" subjects of hallucination, had better not attempt the story of Richard Raynal, an English mystic of the fifteenth century, who was sent

by Heaven on a mission to King Henry VI., and after many trials died a martyr to his devotion. The first trial was the leaving of his hermit's hut by the wood, where the wild boar, the deer and the rabbits were his friends; and where he had tramped to London, seen the hermit of Westminster in his cell and delivered his message to the king, then came the three great trials, the scourging, the temptation to doubt that his mission was from Heaven, and, last and worst of all, "the dark night of the soul." In and out of the external story, so to speak, runs the inner story, the mystical story; and yet perhaps we have wilfully narrowed the class of readers to whom the book will appeal. Those who know anything of mysticism, who have approached it never so distantly in the lives of others, will read with double pleasure; those who have not, the external story, the charm of the solitary as mere man, cannot fail to delight. The serene and careful beauty of the language may be enjoyed again and again; and, if we find that there is a thought too much insistence on the physical attractions of the solitary, on the other hand the pleasant fiction that the work is translated (with omissions) from an early manuscript version of the story written by a good parish priest who dealt with the mystic side of it at tedious length and with incomplete understanding, not only introduces us to a very delightful character but gives room for a good deal of quiet humour. The rare qualities of Father Benson's mind find here their perfect expression.

*The Misses Make-Believe.* By MARY STUART BOYD. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

MRS. BOYD has not made a happy choice of a title for her new book; it reveals too much, and is reminiscent of little moral tales not beloved of childhood. This, too, in its way, is a story with a moral, and the sugar-plums of fortune reward Belle's and Eileen's return to the paths of prudence. These girls, daughters of an eminent physician, Sir James Fleming, by secret pinching and scraping, by resorting to shabby and vulgar expedients, keep up appearances far beyond their means. When ruin confronts them they retire to a sleepy Devon village to retrench and repent, and eventually to marry, each according to her heart's desire. There are scores of women like Belle and Eileen Fleming, and the author's photographs of them are lifelike, if unflattering; they are never for one moment attractive or agreeable characters. Their story is often entertaining, however; Mrs. Boyd possesses a keen sense of humour, and clearly hits off the meanness and folly of a certain order of feminine mind; but the interest rarely rises above domestic details and the sayings and doings of a set of dull, commonplace people. Still, details of the pantry and the toilet have a fascination of their own for many novel-readers, and with those who enjoy a simple, cheerful story on these lines, the "Misses Make-Believe" should be popular.

*The Threshing Floor.* By J. S. FLETCHER. (Unwin, 6s.)

MR. FLETCHER has forsaken the green of rustic comedy, where he sported so pleasantly with his *Grand Relations*, and has passed—though not out of his Yorkshire—to a broader field, to heights, we might say, well-nigh Wuthering. The house of Challenger has lain under a curse ever since an ancestor slew the last monk who was loth to see his monastery turned into a manor. Their men become drunkards: their women worse than women should be. Brigit Challenger, her brother and her father are no exceptions: her conduct is the talk of the neighbourhood, and the opening chapters show with what fatal justice. She has her father's iron will and physical endurance, unlike her brother, who sinks under the weight of his own wickedness. But a spark of good remains in her, preserved by the faithful retainer Jacob Garthen, and that spark is blown into a flame by the love of a strong, true man. She defies the curse. Even when Marriott, her lover, hears certain proof of her infamy, and leaves her, when ruin falls on her father, her defiance never weakens. She becomes a nurse, and, at last, through her bravery and devotion, she

recovers her good name, and wins back Marriott. The story fails to be as powerful as it ought to be, because Mr. Fletcher, in his anxiety for rapidity of action, has overcrowded his canvas with incidents that serve no other purpose than to excite horror—a quite insufficient *raison d'être*—and so has distracted attention from what is essential, namely the characters of Brigit and of Marriott. About them we know far too little. This overcrowding is the main fault of a powerful book, which certainly should be read.

*A Young Man in a Hurry.* By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. (Constable, 6s.)

THE title of this book so completely suggests the Americans, that we are not surprised to find that it is written by a native of that country. America is always young, and it hides its old age out of sight, as a rule. This book of short stories is as clever and as full of life as the nation who fathered the author. There is some delightful comedy in the first story, and after that Mr. Chambers goes deeper and shows us the primal emotions, which are the same in the American as in the Englishman, save that the woman queens it more in America than she does in our own land. In the "Fire Warden" we are shown that America has very much the same difficulties as we have in preserving game, only with a great deal more depending upon the unfortunate purchaser of the supposed rights to the game in question. The office of fire warden is new to England, but it has an attractive sound. The love interest runs through the story, and we learn how charming can be the daughter of the important man, and that in emergencies she can represent her father as deputy fire warden. There are other quaint names in the book—the path master, the game warden, the market hunter—and the stories that belong to them are very different from anything English. Most of the tales are full of the life of the forests and of wide untrodden spaces, of a new country and her children. There are one or two which treat of cities and civilisation, in the ordinary sense, and these are as delicately told as many American short stories are. They have a freshness, a vigour, and a refinement which should commend them to all readers who appreciate good, original work, which seldom takes them over the old ground either of plot or treatment.

*For Life and After.* By G. R. SIMS. (Chatto & Windus, 6s.)

MR. SIMS has had acquaintance with many sides of criminal life in London and elsewhere, and he turns his knowledge to good use in the life-story of Mrs. Richard Grey, who, by a miscarriage of justice, was condemned to imprisonment for life, and released at the end of fifteen years. The reader knows at the beginning who the real murderer was, and the interest of the book lies, therefore, more in the history of the unfortunate woman and her efforts to prove her innocence than in any wild chase after various clues. Mr. Sims has treated his subject with restraint, and the subsidiary characters are well drawn and necessary to the plot. It is, of course, a story with a moral, but a sensible and interesting work.

## FINE ART

### THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY AT THE NEW GALLERY

THE second section of the exhibition of the International Society is now open, containing, besides the sculpture which has remained from the first section, examples of drawings, etchings, lithographs, water-colours and colour-prints. The society is to be congratulated on this division into two sections, which has enabled it to give a really representative show of international art, especially interesting in the department of coloured methods of repro-



duction. There is no doubt, I think, that the most interesting and probably the most lucrative form of art will lie in these developments, which have been pursued much more keenly abroad than they have here.

Some of the coloured etchings, lithographs and monotypes, especially of the Germans, have got beyond the experimental stage; and, if they can be brought within the reach of a moderate outlay, great hopes may be entertained of their future.

The president has some cryptic utterances in water-colour; pre-historic maps of nude figures decorated with bars of colour, which appear to represent isothermal curves, such as are to be seen in the daily issue of the *Tribune*.

The tendency of the artists of each nation is curiously brought out. Thus the French artists nearly all run to ugliness—consciously—sometimes with a kind of zest and appetite, as in Degas, Louis Legrand, Edgar Chahine; sometimes with fury and disgust, as in Forain, Léandre, Lautrec, Georges Rouault. The last presents quite a type in his macabre studies of *Pitres*, *Têtes à Massacre*, the frightful "knock 'em down" dummies in a fair. The French ugliness arises from excess of refinement; it is the taste of a jaded and over-wrought civilisation, whilst the German ugliness is *bourgeois* and *naïf*. This unconsciousness of theirs, combined with an extremely able workmanship, gives the oddest effect, as of Caliban writing verses to Miranda. But the German Caliban has all the virtues. He is "tuechtig, erhaben, tugendhaft, gediegen"; sometimes merely showing his plentiful lack of wit, sometimes proving himself the worthy descendant of Albrecht Dürer and compatriot of Brahms. Otto Greiner is a typical instance. His lithographs are tremendously thorough, and in the *Dancers* Düreresque in learning as well as in ugliness. But this sort of technique applied to modern subjects, such as the *Shooting Diploma*, leads to a *bourgeois* ungainliness which must be seen to be believed. The *bourgeois* is very strong in Arnold Böcklin and in Max Klinger, but with them he is pretentious and "grossartig." The fuss that has been made about Böcklin and Hans Thoma seems unjustified to most English critics, and we feel inclined to attribute it to the feverish desire in Germany to applaud *le dernier cri*, which accounts for the popularity of Nietzsche and Richard Strauss.

On the other hand, no broad-minded critic can grudge the applause that was Menzel's portion throughout his long career. He was *bourgeois* too, but a *bourgeois* of such mental stature that all our fine gentlemen seem a little thin and poor-blooded in comparison. A fair idea of his immense powers and many-sided interests can be obtained from the collection here brought together. The grip of character in such a drawing as the portrait of General von Olfers is unsurpassable. Among a mass of excellent work one ought not to pass by a beautiful drawing in pastel of the *Cathedral at Überlingen* by Gotthard Kuehl.

When English artists exhibit with foreigners one feels a little conscious of the amateurish and the pretty-pretty; but the personal gift of Mr. Conder and of Mr. Brabazon carries us lightly over any such misgivings. Mr. Conder is to be welcomed back in his old field of the decorative water-colour on silk. His large arrangement of coral and blue is a glorious dream of colour.

The exhibits in the North Room are by American and English artists, among which should be noticed the pastels of Mr. Muhrman, the brilliantly realistic studies of Mr. George Hallowell, especially that entitled *Rapide des Femmes*, the water-colours by Mr. Livens of Richmond and Kew Bridges and the beautiful studies of leopards and lions by Mr. Swan.

The balcony should on no account be missed, as some of the most remarkable work is to be seen there: the able but a little mechanical etchings of Anders Zorn, the delicate dry-points of Miss Cassatt in the line she has made her speciality, besides works by Sir Charles Holroyd, Mr. Pennell and others. The etchings of Mr. MacLaughlan are absolutely first-rate; his sincere and personal vision is remarkable in *Tivoli*, the *Certosa*, and *Melencello*: views of

Italian scenery in which a certain staleness and archaism is usually a source of irritation. It is pleasant to be reassured that no subject can be pronounced stale, since an original artist can make the most hackneyed interesting.

Some of the processes of reproduction in colour are excellent. Coloured etching is apparently very popular, but the glassy, watery quality is unpleasing. Coloured monotype, on the other hand, lends itself to beautiful qualities as in the *Moonlit Night* of Carl Langhammer. Coloured lithograph is, of course, an old method, of which there are good German and French examples. The beautiful workmanship of Mr. Allan Seaby's colour-prints should encourage artists to pursue their experiments in Japanese colour-printing. Some of Emil Orlik's prints are also of merit, but the best are more imitative of Japanese style, in which there is no salvation.

B. S.

## ROUND THE GALLERIES

THERE are many private art galleries in London, and few of them content themselves with one exhibition per month. At the Leicester Galleries, for example, there are now being exhibited, in addition to the Staats Forbes collection of drawings by Millet, a collection of pictures by "Deceased English Painters, chiefly of the Norwich School," and Mr. Charles Sims's pictures in oils and water-colour. The Millet drawings tempt one to discourse on his greatness as a draughtsman apart from his emotional appeal in such a work as the pastel version of *The Angelus*. On the other hand, some delicious little cloud studies by Constable in the Early British section prompt one to compare their freshness with the faded splendour of those works of the painter which are "finished" in more than one sense of the word. Again, Cotman's *Cottages at St. Albans*, as sweet in colour and gentle in handling as an early Monet or a Whistler, provokes one to proclaim the superiority of this painter over the other members of his school, while Bonington's *The Waggon* starts one reflecting what this genius might not have achieved if an unkind fate had not cut him down at the age of twenty-six. But with the younger generation imperiously knocking at the door we have no time to muse over the might-have-beens of the past, and we hurry on to the twentieth century and Mr. Charles Sims. Very sweet in colour are Mr. Sims's paintings too, very charming and decorative in composition, very expressive in drawing. Look at the whirl of air and movement in *The Moth Catchers*. We wonder how it is that Mr. Sims's work has escaped the attention of the Chantrey Trustees, especially when we learn that he is already represented at the Luxembourg. And then we remember that works by Constable and Bonington were secured by the French Government while their painters were without honour in their own country. So there is excellent precedent for the neglect of Mr. Sims.

At the Fine Art Society's are water-colours, *From the Alps to the Apennines* by Miss Evelyn J. Whyley, bronzes by Charles Van Wyk, and water-colours by living Dutch artists. The last section forms an interesting complement to the exhibition of Sir John Day's fine collection of modern Dutch water-colours, by Mauve, Israels, Neuhuys, the Marises, etc., a little lower down the street at Messrs. Obach's. The soft, sunny scenes of Bernard Schregel, the Brangwynesque market scenes of F. Arntzenius, Mr. Haverman's *The Young Mother* and the little landscapes and brilliant still-lives of Willem E. Roelofs, jun., are sufficient to prove that the youth of Holland are ably carrying on the torch they received from their fathers; while the bronzes of Van Wyk show that Meunier is not without a worthy successor in his own Netherlands.

But our pilgrimage is not yet ended, for a little below Obach's Mr. Heyman waylays us with an invitation to view "an important Turner," a large seascape painted in 1838, with great waves curling over a rocky coast, the

whole subdued in tone but rich in colour, the lights caked on thickly and the shadows thinly painted. Mr. Heyman has other Turners to show us, a quaint water-colour said to have been executed by the artist at the age of fifteen, and a *Sunset in the Tropics* which belongs to a much later period. But we are getting a little weary of pictures, and are scarcely to be detained by a deftly handled head by Lawrence, and a masterly portrait group of two young anglers by the great Raeburn. Already we have seen more than we can hope to chronicle.

### FORTHCOMING BOOKS

AN announcement of great importance is made by the Cambridge University Press. The Syndics have arranged to publish a comprehensive History of English Literature, on a scale and plan more or less resembling that of the Cambridge Modern History. The work will be published in about twelve royal octavo volumes of about four hundred pages each, and will cover the whole course of English literature from Beowulf to the end of the Victorian Age. The action of foreign influences and the part taken by secondary writers in successive literary movements will receive a larger share of attention than is possible in shorter histories, in which lesser writers are apt to be overshadowed by a few great names. Each volume will contain a sufficient bibliography. The Cambridge History of English Literature will be edited by Dr. A. W. Ward, Master of Peterhouse, and Mr. A. R. Waller.

### CORRESPONDENCE

#### HEROIC ROMANCES OF IRELAND

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am afraid Mr. Leahy's explanation hardly absolves him from the charge of inconsistency. I wrote in no carping spirit, but I considered it my duty to my editor to point out the defects of the translations. The inconsistencies to which I drew attention were: (1) The translations in the first volume followed the form of the original, while in the second a literal rendering was given and also a verse translation; (2) Mr. Leahy gave the Leabhar na h'Uídhri version of "The Sick-bed of Cuchulainn," where two very different forms of the story have been combined, with the result, as I remarked, that "we have endless repetitions, and one paragraph frequently contradicts another. Instead of selecting the better form of each incident and making a continuous whole, Mr. Leahy has translated the manuscript as it stands, and the story, as a story, is unreadable. He has, we notice, omitted the account of the election of Lugaid and the exhortation of Cuchulainn to the new king: we fail to see why he did not continue his exclusion"; (3) Despite these omissions he did not correct an obvious mistake. The inconsistency is apparent.

For my own part, I think Mr. Leahy's verse in his second volume remarkably good on the whole, and I did not hesitate to say so; but, *me judice*, the tales lent themselves to prose translation as much as those in the first volume. It would, perhaps, have been better if both volumes had been rendered in verse, with a literal translation on the opposite page. Mr. Leahy, however, reminds me that the object of the series is "not to prepare literal versions for the use of scholars, but to reproduce Irish tales in such English forms as might interest English readers, keeping, however, as near as possible to the sense and form of the Irish." Then why was the literal translation given?

YOUR REVIEWER.

#### MR. A. ASHTON AND DISCLAIM OF GENTILITY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. A. Ashton was not the first modest man to disclaim gentility, as the following story will show. I had the tale from an old friend, who died full of years in the eighties of the last century. He told me that in the year 1836, strolling through a country fair in the county Wicklow, where he held a public appointment, he saw a gambler, who with board, three thimbles and a pea, offered to the crowd the chance of making a fortune. He ventured a shilling and found the pea. Putting the money he had won into his pocket he was walking away, when the gambler, who, I suspect, had allowed him to win the first stake, shouted after him: "Are you not going to play any more?" My friend replied, "No." "Well," said the irate croupier, "you are no gentleman." My friend answered, "I never said I was," and secured the laugh.

EDWARD T. QUINN.

Dublin, March 5

### "SIX-SHILLING" NOVELS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The letter of your correspondent H. J. complaining of having to pay six shillings alike for the works of Maxwell Gray, Beatrice Harraden, and Eden Phillpotts only goes to prove how relative is a sense of "quality" in literature. Personally Maxwell Gray's turgid prose makes the reading of "The Great Refusal" an impossibility to me, while any book of Beatrice Harraden's, however slight, is made readable by her pleasant style.

Perish the thought of naming Maxwell Gray and Eden Phillpotts in the same breath! The former belongs to the class of Marie Corelli and Hall Caine, while, to my mind, the latter is in, or almost in, the first rank of novelists. How wisely, then, do the publishers cater at once and at the same cost for my perverted taste and H. J.'s! Then think of the heart-burnings that would follow upon the publishers' decision as to what books should be published at six shillings and what at three shillings and sixpence. Your novels, Mr. Editor, would be issued at six shillings, mine at three shillings and sixpence. How invidious! As things are at present no one but our publishers and ourselves need know that your book was bought by them for a great sum and mine printed at my own cost.

For the comfort of our vanity let us hope no publisher sees H. J.'s letter.

D. F. G.

### WORDSWORTH AND SHELLEY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is perfectly useless continuing this discussion with Mr. Fovargue, whose somewhat irrelevant letter appeared on February 24, for the simple reason he is so blinded by his enthusiasm for the "greatest lyricist in our language" that sound and sense appear from his point of view to be synonymous terms.

Taking him at his word and harking back to the real crux of this controversy, viz., the "immortal phrase," and applying that test to Shelley's verse, in spite of his "haunting melody," he is simply nowhere in comparison with Wordsworth. And I will be bold enough to go a step further and say "it is utterly ridiculous" to attempt to compare them from that aspect. Indeed, it would not be difficult to find in one piece of Wordsworth's verse more immortal phrases than could be culled from the whole of Shelley's works.

The circumstances that gave birth to Coleridge's famous eulogy of Wordsworth's work are, to me, in spite of Mr. Fovargue's insistence, utterly beside the question. Few, I venture to say, will dispute its justice, and still fewer are so well qualified to utter such a eulogy, for not only was Coleridge a great poet, but he was also a great critic, and a singularly acute thinker. However, for Mr. Fovargue's benefit I will give the origin of the quotation, viz., Wordsworth's *Memoirs*, vol. ii. page 74.

In closing, I would advise Mr. Fovargue in entering on his next controversy to use more courteous terms than that of "fanatical devotee" as applied to one who differs from him.

STANLEY HUTTON.

March 5.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Probably I should not have bothered you again but for the necessity of introducing a few words of reply to "A Student of Literature," who has read into my last letter what it did not contain, setting up a target of his own to aim at! He has brought up very heavy artillery and trained it carefully upon a position which I did not and could not occupy. There is a big display, but his practice is quite harmless so far as my former remarks are concerned. To watch the bombardment has been diverting and possibly amusing. It has served these purposes well—that is all that can be said with truth—and your correspondent is to be thanked accordingly.

Let me briefly touch upon the two or three points raised in his letter:

(1) Most certainly I do not hold the opinion attributed to Wordsworth, that he could have written plays like Shakespeare had he wished. The notion is absurd and cannot surely be entertained by any sane critic. What I did submit was simply this: that the mere fact that Wordsworth did not write dramas does not prove that he couldn't. We know from the single work of this kind left by him that he had some dramatic power; but we are also quite safe in concluding, from a sound estimate of his genius based upon his entire output, that his mind was not essentially dramatic, and that whatever he might have done in that department would hardly have stood comparison for a moment with even the lesser plays of Shakespeare.

(2) Macaulay's gifts were many and varied, but acute critical insight into literature was not one of them. The expression of abstract conceptions in concrete terms—in fact, all that may be roughly included under allegory and personification—is doubtless a gift, though of a facile kind—lying on the surface, so to speak. The nine masterpieces mentioned by "A Student" are not supremely great because of the examples they furnish of the exercise of this gift, but rather because of the vastness and truth of their conceptions of life, their profound spiritual beauty; and that amazing imaginative power whereby they reveal and interpret, justify and reconcile, unify and clarify, and bring into rational relation the realities of character and being underlying outward appearances.



This gift for which your correspondent appears so highly to esteem these works is by no manner of means the reason of their greatness: it is seen and felt to be altogether subordinate by discerning readers. More than this: artistic creations like "The Faery Queen" and "The Pilgrim's Progress" are immortally great quite apart from allegory, etc.—perhaps one may say in spite of it!

(3) My critic next proceeds to fire off at me a long list of books which he says are infected with pessimism and melancholy, presumably to show that these objectionable qualities in a book need not in themselves necessarily disqualify it from occupying a distinguished position in the realm of letters. I must first remind him that this is not the question in dispute between us at all. My contention was, and is, simply that the prevalence in Shelley's poetry of unhealthy and morbid elements, and the sombre pessimism colouring so much of it places it, in these respects, considerably below that of Wordsworth, a poet who points us to the permanent sources of happiness in life and in experience, leads us ever to the "central peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation," and blesses and strengthens us with the quiet joy which he himself had gained by love and reflection. In this important matter he is, therefore, by far the nobler poet. And, other things being equal, the writer who does this for us will always be the greater. It is a shallow philosophy that issues in Schopenhauerism!

But in glancing carefully through "A Student's" list I find, first of all, that several of the works named by him have most decidedly not won acceptance as belonging to the first or even second rank, e.g., "The Prisoner of Chillon," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Isabella," "Romola," "Eugenie Grandet," and the "Satires" of Swift and Juvenal. These being sorted out, I very emphatically deny that, in any large view of the case, the remaining masterpieces are really fruits of the spirit of pessimism, or produce in us those baneful, depressing and paralysing feelings flowing from that radically false view of life. There is contained in them certainly the most serious and earnest contemplations of life, and there is frank (ideal) representation of all sides thereof; but in those of them even that are fullest of sadness and solemnity and pitifulness, by the operation of the principle of Katharsis, our emotions are purged and freed, so that we can rise from the perusal of *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Agamemnon*, *Edipus Rex* and the rest of them with minds fortified with courage and hearts consoled and calmed—yea, and lightened and cheered:

"By force of sorrows high  
Uplifted to the purest sky  
Of undisturbed humanity."

(4) I can pass over "A Student's" further note concerning "trash." His remarks unfortunately do not bear upon my contentions, but go off completely at a tangent. Still I think it is in order to suggest to him that there exist in all literatures multitudes of poems of mediocre merit, of inferior quality, much below the line of high achievement, but yet good and worthy of their kind and in their class, and not at all deserving the epithet "trash" bestowed so freely by some people who do not like them, or cannot understand that there is good in them.

G. E. BIDDLE.

#### ST. WILLIAM'S COLLEGE, YORK

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The restoration of the beautiful old building known as St. William's College, lying under the shadow of York Minster, which is to serve as a much-needed Convocation and Church House for the North, proceeds apace.

The large chamber for the House of Laymen will soon be completed, and that for the House of Bishops also very shortly. Electric light, ventilation shafts and fans, and warming apparatus are now being laid down.

But through lack of funds we have been unable hitherto to commence the work on the chamber for the Lower House, the committee rooms, and caretaker's rooms.

The handsome offer of £500 towards the chamber for the Lower House has just been made to us on condition of a like sum being raised at once to meet it. This may be done by one sum of £500, or by five of £100, or by fifty of £10 or one hundred of £5. Will you kindly help us to make this offer widely known in the hope that those who are able will come forward to secure it?

A most interesting account of this ancient religious house, where also the mint and printing press of King Charles found a home in troublous times, is to be seen in the *Treasury* for February; and papers giving further details may be obtained from the Secretary.

Contributions may be sent to Becketts Bank, York, or to the Secretary.

G. R. WAKEFIELD, Chairman,  
Bishop of Wakefield.  
C. N. GRAY, Secretary,  
Helmsley, R.S.O.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### ART.

Bemrose, William. *Longton Hall Porcelain*: being further information relating to this interesting fabrique. 11½ x 8. Pp. xxi, 72. Illustrated. Bemrose, 42s. net.

[Starting from Mr. Nightingale's work, 1881, Mr. Bemrose set himself to find out all that he could about William Littler and his early attempt to make

porcelain in Staffordshire, circ. 1745. The result has been to give meaning to much that is vague, and to establish the characteristics of this interesting work (which Mr. Bemrose himself does not always admire). The volume is lavishly and sumptuously illustrated with beautiful reproductions in colour.]

Finberg, A. J. *The English Water Colour Painters*. 6½ x 4½. Pp. xxi, 190. Duckworth: Popular Library of Art. Cloth, 2s. net; leather 2s. 6d. net. [It is surprising how much information and criticism Mr. Finberg manages to get into his small space. Bare historical fact is not to his taste, but he uses history as a clue to interpretation and understanding. He has his point of view, which, right or not, he explains ably. The 40 and odd illustrations are well chosen and serviceably reproduced.]

*Drawings of David Cox*. 11½ x 8½. Modern Master Draughtsmen. Newnes, 7s. 6d. net.

[Thirteen pages of biographical and critical introduction by Mr. A. J. Finberg. Coloured frontispiece, and 44 plates, 3 of which are in colour.] Board of Education, South Kensington. *Catalogue of Prints, II. Modern Etchings and Aquatints of the British and American schools in the National Art Library, Victoria and Albert Museum*. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 364. H.M. Stationery Office, 2s. 6d.

[Compiled by Mr. Martin Hardie: Original works only, not Reproductions of pictures or drawings.]

### CLASSICS.

*The Philoctetes of Sophocles*. With a commentary abridged from the larger edition of Sir R. C. Jebb by E. S. Shuckburgh. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xiv, 228. Cambridge University Press, 4s.

[Intended for "ordinary or youthful students," and carried out on the principle which guided Dr. Shuckburgh in his admirable edition of the *Antigone* and *Edipus Coloneus*. Certain additions rendered necessary by the fact that this edition does not contain the English translation.]

*Euripides: Medea and Hippolytus*. With Introduction, Translations and Notes by Sydney Waterlow. 7 x 4½. Pp. xviii, 206. Dent, 2s. 6d. net.

[This is the first volume of the new "Temple Greek and Latin Classics." The Greek is given on one page, the English prose translation opposite. The Introduction is critical; the notes explanatory, critical and sometimes textual. An Appendix of the most important differences between the readings of "the MSS." and that adopted by the editor, who frequently follows Verrall. The book is very well printed and bound, and there is a frontispiece showing the Naples bust of the poet. This promises to be a delightful series for the general reader.]

*Plato: Theaetetus and Philebus*. Translated and explained by H. F. Carilli. 7½ x 5. Pp. xxv, 202. Sonnenschein, cloth, 3s. 6d. net; leather, 4s. 6d. net.

[This is also the first volume of a new series, "The New Classical Library," edited by Dr. Emil Reich, for readers who have no Latin or Greek. The Introduction sets forth the disagreements of the commentators, and gives Mr. Carilli's own view of the Platonic philosophy. Then comes his translation of the *Theaetetus*; then an excursus on it which is also an introduction to the *Philebus*; Concluding Essay on the Theory of Man in the *Philebus* and its place in science; short bibliography and index.]

### DRAMA.

Phillips, Stephen. *Nero*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 127. Macmillan, 4s. 6d. net. (See p. 221.)

Hale, Edward Everett, jr. *Dramatists of To-day*: Rostand, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Pinero, Shaw, Phillips, Maeterlinck. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 236. Bell, 6s. net.

[An informal discussion of the significant work of these dramatists. By an American critic: Partly reprinted from *The Dial*. A useful appendix giving date and plan of first productions of plays, with occasional notice of performance in countries and languages other than the author's. Index.]

### EDUCATION.

Pitt Press Series. *Tales from Shakespeare*. By Charles and Mary Lamb. Second Selection, edited by J. H. Flather. 6½ x 4½. Pp. xvi, 160. Cambridge University Press, 1s. 6d.

[*Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Winter's Tale*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Macbeth*, *Comedy of Errors*, *Othello*. Introduction; glossary; short extracts from the plays.]

Donington, G. C. *Practical Exercises in Chemistry*. 7½ x 4½. Pp. x, 251. Macmillan, 2s. 6d.

[An attempt to combine "text-book" and "experimental" teaching. The instructions for each experiment are fully given, but there is no statement of the precise facts to be observed, and the work of making the deductions is left entirely to the student. Diagrams and Index.]

### FICTION.

Somerset, Lady Henry. *Under the Arch of Life*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 315. Hurs & Blackett, 6s.

Tynan, Katharine. *The Yellow Domino*, and other stories. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 312. White, 6s.

Kernahan, Mrs. Coulson. *An Artist's Model*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 312. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

Ventors, David. *Sweet Mistress Anne*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 556. Drane, 6s.

Easton, W. G. *The House by the Bridge*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 318. Lane, 6s.

Carr, M. E. *The Poison of Tongues*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 320. Smith, Elder, 6s.

Marsh, Richard. *The Garden of Mystery*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.

Tweedale, Violet. *Lady Sarah's Son*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 380. Long, 6s.

Turner, Reginald. *Uncle Peaceable*, a Comedy. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 322. Greening 6s. (See p. 227.)

Gissing, Algernon. *The Master of Pinsmead*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 310. Long, 6s.

Smith, James, and Sutton, John Wren. *The Secret of the Sphinx, or the Ring of Moses*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 288. Wellby, 6s.

[The story of Moses, imaginatively and theosophically related. Moses, we may note, is here the illegitimate son of Pharaoh's daughter, Pherenice, and a Hebrew mason named Nathan.]

Tracy, Louis. *Karl Grier*, the strange story of a man with a sixth sense. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 277. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.

[The sixth sense was "telegony" or far-knowing. Mr. Grier could also understand the language of animals.]

Regnas, C. *The Land of Nison*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 310. Daniel, 6s.

[When we say that Nison=No Sin, and that some of the chapters are headed thus: "Eht Lienuoc," it will be clear that Mr. Regnas has read "Erewhon." He has read "The Coming Race" as well and assimilated

- its idea of "vril," and has written a novel of a subterranean land, through a visit to which the hero acquires wealth and the power of living to 200 years.]
- Morse, Margaret. *The Spirit of the Pines*. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 159. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin. \$1.00
- [The love-story of two nature-lovers of unusual temperaments, in the woods of New Hampshire.]
- Kieler, Laura. *Thy People shall be my People*, or Karen Jurgens of Egtved. Translated by Berno (Clara Bener). 7½ x 5½. Pp. 294. Jarrold, 6s.
- [A translation of a very popular Danish novel, giving a picture of Danish life and habits.]
- Irving, George. *Love?* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 320. Greening, 6s.

## HISTORY.

- Mackinnon, James. *A History of Modern Liberty*. Vols. I. and II. 9 x 6. Pp. xxxiii, 888. Longmans, 30s. net.
- [Assuming the fact of human liberty (i.e. free will) as well as of human dependence, Dr. Mackinnon writes the history of that liberty throughout the modern age. His first volume examines the origins of liberty in the Middle Ages, starting from the chaos of the western Roman Empire. Vol. II. carries the story to the Reformation in Central and Western Europe, with particular attention to England and Scotland down to the time of Elizabeth. Future volumes will deal with the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in England, France and America, etc. Each volume has an Index.]
- Colvin, Sir Auckland. *The Making of Modern Egypt*. 9½ x 6½. Pp. xv, 428. With Portraits and Maps. Seeley, 18s. net.
- [The object of these pages is to tell, in popular terms, the story of the making of modern Egypt under British influence. The story begins with the arrival of Lord Dufferin in Egypt, 1882 (the history of earlier years being briefly sketched), and is carried down to 1904. Index.]

## LITERATURE.

- Monahan, Michael. *Benigna Vena*. Essays, Literary and Personal. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 187. New York: The Alban Publishing Co.
- [Mr. Monahan is the editor and main author—or at any rate the soul—of that interesting publication *The Papyrus*, a Magazine of Individuality.]

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- Heape, Walter. *The Breeding Industry: its value to the Country and its Needs*. 7½ x 5. Pp. xii, 154. National Problems. Cambridge University Press, 2s. 6d. net.
- [The application of Science to the Breeding Industry, "the greatest industry to which Science has never yet been applied." Mr. Heape's desire is to draw close together the Practical Breeder and the Scientific Biologist.]
- Abrahams, Israel. *Festival Studies*, being Thoughts on the Jewish Year. 7½ x 5½. Pp. x, 185. Macmillan, 2s. 6d.
- [Papers mainly written to "provide momentary entertainment or to provoke passing thought on the festivals of the Jewish year occurred." Reprinted, many of them, from the *Jewish Chronicle*.]
- The English Catalogue of Works for 1905*. 10 x 6½. Pp. 302. The Publishers' Circular, Ltd.
- [The 60th yearly issue of this invaluable publication, which gives "in one Alphabet, under author, title and subject, the size, price, month of publication, and publisher of books issued in the United Kingdom and of some of those issued in the United States," and is a continuation of the "London" and "British" Catalogues. Appendix of Transactions of Learned Societies, and Directory of Publishers.]
- Inkster, Lawrence. *Library Grouping*. 10½ x 6½. Pp. 7. Aberdeen University Press, 8vo.
- [Reprinted from the *Library Association Record*, February, 1906.]
- Corporation of Wigan Free Public Library. *Catalogue of Books*. By H. T. Folkard, Librarian. Part VII. P-Pizz. 9½ x 7½. Pp. 353. Wigan: Starr.
- Dod's Peerage, Baronage and Knightage of Great Britain and Ireland*. Supplement. February, 1906. 7 x 4½. Pp. 40. Whittaker, 1s. net.
- [Brought up-to-date. With a note on "The Choice of Peerage Titles."]
- Morris, George Le, and Wood, Esther. *The Country Cottage*. 6½ x 4½. Pp. xvi, 152. Lane. The Country Handbooks, 3s. net.
- [All about building a country cottage, from drains to decoration. Diagrams and illustrations. Index. Thoroughly practical.]
- Young, Filson. *The Happy Motorist: an introduction to the use and enjoyment of a motor-car*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 230. E. Grant Richards, 3s. 6d. net.
- Hints on the Cure of Stammering*. By one who has suffered. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 16. Edinburgh: Elliot, 6d. net.
- Hardy, E. J. *What Men Like in Women and What Women Like in Men*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 149. Werner Laurie, 1s. net.
- [By the author of "How to be happy though married." Sometimes homely, but not nearly so vulgar as the title.]

## PHILOSOPHY.

- Westermarck, Edward. *The Origin and Development of Moral Ideas*. In 2 volumes. Vol. I. 9 x 6½. Pp. xxi, 716. Macmillan, 14s. net.
- [The first of Dr. Westermarck's work comprises a study of the moral concepts; right, wrong, duty, justice, etc., an examination into the moral emotions, their nature and origin, and their relations to moral concepts. These will cause a discussion of the subjects of moral judgments and an answer to the question why some things are matters of moral concern and others are not. Finally the most important of these subjects will be classified, and the moral ideas relating to each class will be stated and explained.]
- Höfding, Harold. *The Philosophy of Religion*. Translated from the German edition by B. E. Meyer. 9 x 6. Pp. viii, 410. Macmillan, 12s. net.
- O. Hashnu Hara. *Practical Psychometry: its value and how it is mastered*. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 88. Fowler, 1s. net.

## POETRY.

- Moore, T. Sturge. *Poems*. Collected in one volume. The Centaur's Booty; The Rout of the Amazons; The Gazelles and other Poems; Pan's Prophecy; To Leda and other odes; Theseus, Medea and Lyrics. 8½ x 6½. Pp. 202. Duckworth 6s. net.
- [A re-issue in a single volume of the six little brown paper volumes published by Messrs. Duckworth.]
- Rice, Cale Young. *Plays and Lyrics*. 8½ x 7½. Pp. 317. Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d. net.

- [By an American author. The plays, in verse, *Yolanda* and *David*, are good. As a lyric poet Mr. Rice seems scarcely worthy of the beautiful paper, print and binding his publishers have provided for him.]
- Ware, Joseph. *The Divine Man*. A new Epic. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 278. The True Light Publishing Co.

[The Theme of the Iliad," says the author, "is the contention of gods and of heroes for the destruction of Troy; the Aeneid, its re-establishment; Paradise Lost, the fall of man; The Divine Man, a New Epic, the progress of man to final perfection in the kingdom of Heaven." The scene of the New Epic is the Transfiguration; and one of the episodes is the revelation by an Angel to St. James of the flag of the United States, of which an illustration is given. We believe the book to be written in all simplicity and earnestness.]

- Sharpley, Hugo. *A Realist of the Aegean*, being a verse-translation of the Mimes of Herodas. 7½ x 5½. Pp. x, 57. Nutt, 2s. 6d. net.
- Marks, Mary A. M. *The Tree of Knowledge*. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 173. Nutt, 3s. 6d. net.

[About half of these 173 Sonnets were privately printed in 1896. They start with Eden and the fall of Man, and go on to the New Earth. There is much thought and devotion in Mrs. Marks's work, and not a little sincere and grave poetry.]

## POLITICAL.

- Lely, Sir F. S. P. *Suggestions for the better governing of India*. With special reference to the Bombay Presidency. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 117. Alston Rivers, 1s. net and 1s. 6d. net.
- [Plain-speaking from a retired Indian Civilian. The author's main contention is "that the broad lines of government as lately extended and deepened by Lord Curzon are true, but the administrative filling-in is often at fault." He pleads for more personal knowledge, sympathy and consideration, particularly in the minor but all-important matters of detail.]
- Munro, A. (of Johannesburg). *The Transvaal (Chinese) Labour Problem*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xxvii, 64. Drane, 2s. 6d. net.
- [Dr. Munro is a whole-hearted supporter of Chinese Labour.]
- Brailsford, H. N. *Macedonia: its races and their future*. 9 x 6. Pp. xx, 340. Methuen, 12s. 6d. net.
- [Mr. Brailsford's main object is to explain, with what detail is necessary, the nature of Turkish rule as it affects the peasantry of Macedonia. He has spent much time in five journeys to the Near East, and passed the winter of 1903-4 in Monastir on behalf of the British relief fund; and sees no hope in an arrangement in which the rulers' creed is one of resignation and the ruled of freedom. Fully illustrated. 2 Maps. Index.]

## REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- Essays, Moral and Politic (1660-1714)*. Selected and edited by John and Constance Masefield. The Chap. Books—ii. 4½ x 3½. Pp. xiii, 263. E. Grant Richards, 3s. 6d. net.
- [Selections from John Evelyn, Jeremy Collier, Cowley, Dryden, Roger L'Estrange, Earl of Shaftesbury, Addison, Steele and George Berkeley.]
- Lever, Charles. *Arthur O'Leary: his wanderings and ponderings in many lands*. With 10 illustrations by George Cruikshank. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xix, 388. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.

## SCIENCE.

- Burke, John Butler. *The Origin of Life: its physical basis and definition*. 9 x 6½. Pp. xvi, 351. Chapman & Hall, 16s. net.

## THEOLOGY.

- Patrick, William. *James the Lord's Brother*. 8½ x 6. Pp. xii, 366. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 6s. net.
- [By the Principal of Manitoba College, Winnipeg. Dr. Patrick's aim is to show "the James of history," rather than "the James of Legend and romance." He believes James to have been the son of Joseph and Mary. He finds his Christianity in essence identical with that of Paul, and believes the relations between the two to have been frank and cordial.]
- Oldfield, W. J. *A Primer of Religion* based on the Catechism of the Church of England. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xvi, 222. Methuen, 2s. 6d.
- [Intended to help in home teaching. Frequent diagrams which can be drawn with a pair of compasses, to facilitate learning by young children.]
- Wagner, Charles. *The Gospel of Life*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. x, 246. Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.
- [A few sermons chosen at random, and reproduced from memory on paper. The theme of the book is the close tie between work and adoration, the Gospel and daily life.]
- Barry, William. *The Tradition of Scripture: its origin, authority and interpretation*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xxv, 278. Longmans, 3s. 6d. net.
- [This is the first volume of "The Westminster Library," a series of manuals edited by Mgr. Bernard Ward and the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J., for the use of Catholic Priests and students, embracing fields of professional knowledge (other than Dogmatic and Moral Theology) which is in danger of being crowded out in the years before ordination, and the practical utility of which may not be fully realised until some experience of the ministry has been gained.]

## TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

- Wilson, the Rev. C. T. *Peasant Life in the Holy Land*. 9 x 6. Pp. x, 321. Illustrated. Murray, 12s. net.
- [An attempt to record some of the customs and manners of the Fellahin in the Holy Land to-day, in order to throw some light on the Bible and rouse deeper and more sympathetic interest in the Western mind. Mr. Wilson spent many years in Palestine as a member of the C. M. S.]
- Pratt, A. E. *Two Years among New Guinea Cannibals: a Naturalist's sojourn among the aborigines of unexplored New Guinea*. With notes and observations by his son, Henry Pratt, and appendices on the scientific results of the Expedition. With 54 illustrations and a map. 8½ x 6. Pp. 360. Seeley, 16s. net.
- Edwards, A. Herbage. *Kakemono: Japanese Sketches*. 8½ x 6½. Pp. viii, 300. Heinemann, 7s. 6d. net.
- [Mr. Edwards divides his book into sections: The Faith of Japan; Lord Fuji, which describes an ascent of that mountain; The Art of the Nation; Scenes in Rain and Sunshine; The Land of the Gods; the Heart of the People.]
- Snell, F. J. *The Blackmore Country*. With fifty full-page illustrations from photographs by C. W. Barnes Ward. 8½ x 5½. Pp. xviii, 288. Black, 6s.



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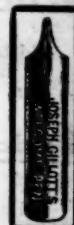
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